

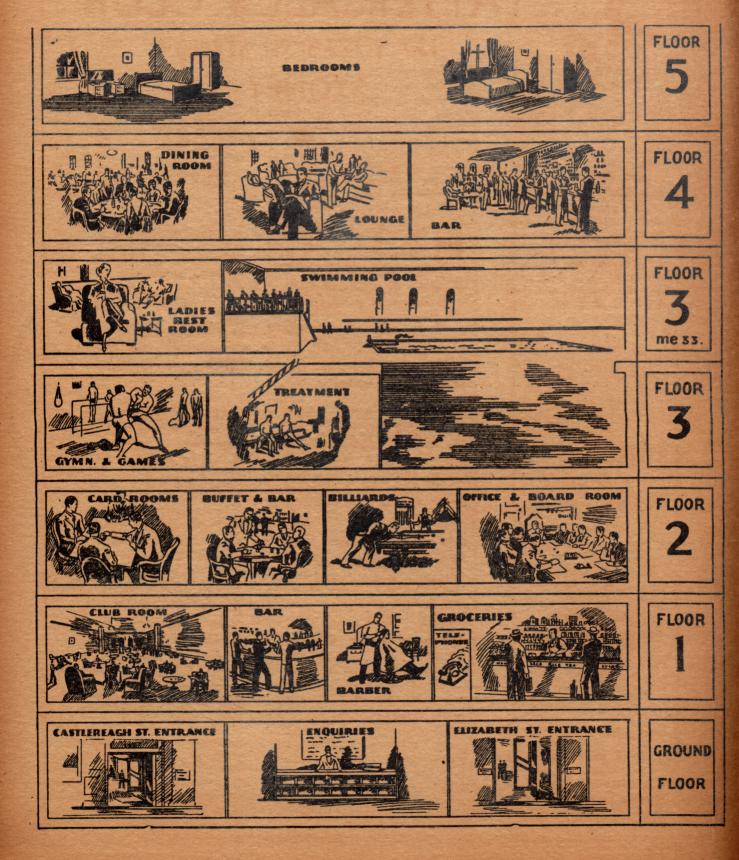
# Tattersall's Club Magazine

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 12. February, 1946.



## TATTERSALL'S CLUB



# TOWN TABLESTIAN

Established 14th May, 1858.

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## SYDNEY

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Secretary:

T. T. MANNING.

AVE you ever reflected on the feelings of the fellow who has just missed selection in a State or an Australian team? Have you been one with an owner in his meditations after his horses have run a succession of seconds?

As the unaffected or disinterested party you may be prone to claim:—"Well, it's all in the game!" So it is; but that philosophy doesn't dispose of the other fellow's disappointment.

Thus, we say, sportsmanship does not depend alone on winning sportingly; neither is it confined only to the winners. More often than not the unsung heroes are the losers. Their sportsmanship lies in that they do not rail against fortune; they take the knock because in sportsmanship they've got what it takes.

That's often hard, maybe; but hard feelings do not alter results. Protests, except in legitimate cases, serve no purpose, save that of rancour.

Standards of sportsmanship are not set by the mob any more than they are reflected in the reactions of the mob; which is good for sport in general, because, fundamentally, all codes are written for the good of the game, not the profit of the gamester.

We know our code in Tattersall's Club, and in keeping it, as we do, we make our first contribution to sportsmanship.

Vol. 18-No. 12.

February, 1946.

## The Club Man's Diary

#### BIRTHDAYS FEBRUARY

1st W. T. Wood
2nd A. V. Miller
E. E. Hirst
6th C. O. Chambers
T. S. Prescott
8th A. J. M. Kelly
9th A. E. Cruttenden

11th S. W. Griffith
13th H. Norton
A. J. Matthews
W. C. Hildebrandt
17th G. S. Smith
25th H. S. Clissold

#### MARCH

4th Roy Hendy
H. L. Lambert
5th F. J. Carberry
6th A. A. Ritchie
V. C. Bear
10th A. G. Collins
11th J. H. E. Nathan
14th G. W. Savage
15th Ernest Moore

17th P. Nolan
18th H. R. Leeder
25th J. Broadbent
26th J. A. Roles
M. Frank Albert
S. Goldberg
29th Percy Wolf
31st R. Wootton

H. J. Lambert, who retired recently as Editor of the "West Australian" (Perth), told of his earlier days on the staff of the "Morning Herald":

"The editor of the day decided that Western Australia was going to the dogs. It was galloping down on the backs of racehorses and the 'Herald' would not have anything to do with it. On an unlucky Friday afternoon the editor came into my office and announced that as from the next day we would not be publishing any more racing. I pleaded with him to give us one day's grace. I pointed out that the sporting editor's tips were already in type and we would be depriving the public of an opportunity of taking down the bookmakers whom we had already begun to describe as parasites on the country.

"It was all in vain. He had spent all the morning cutting out articles of Eastern States papers, and he put on my table the products of his industry to take the place of the sporting pages. The No. 1 priority was an atrociously long article on angora goats, and he said: 'You might give it a double column heading.' Well, the title seemed altogether too significant. The angora goats lost themselves by some means and were never discovered again.

"We discovered that although we were virtuous there was no diminution in racing. Horse racing flourished but the 'Herald' didn't. Although the ban only lasted for a few months before that editor packed his bag and departed for a far country, it was a mortal injury. It

became obvious that the paper was dying, and it finally expired after an existence of 13 years."

Evidently they remember in America that Phar Lap came there from Australia. Tribal, certainly no Phar Lap, though a useful galloper, taken over there to race as one of Louis B. Mayer's record money winning string, was allotted 8.9 for the Santa Anita Handicap to be run on March 9 (writes "the Bulletin"). That rated Tribal only 9lb. below the topweight, Thumbs Up, who won the rich event last year carrying the same weight that he was given this time, 9.4. Also, it put the Sydney horse only 5lb. below First Fiddle, on performances the best handicapper in America. This ninth Santa Anita is for 100,000 dollars added money.

From "Showman Looks On" by Charles B. Cochran: Another lady of the period was Cleo de Merode, whose style of coiffure and reputed conquest of Leopold of Belgiuma clever piece of publicity-gave her endless paragraphs and much advertisement. I remember a drawing by Caran de Ache in which Cleo figured, posing in the nude before a sculptor, her mother in the background. "Will not mademoiselle let me see her ears?" asked the sculptor, pointing to the famous bandeaux. "Monsieur!" retorted the indignant mother, "my daughter's ears are for her husband!"

American military strategists assert that the U.S. can no more afford to let Britain go down now than in 1940 or in 1917. They declare that the British Isles are America's first line of defence in the Atlantic area; that without these islands, the U.S. could never have mounted its offensive against Germany. In the Pacific, too, they declare the U.S. must plan its defences in close cooperation with the British Commonwealth. American statesmen similarly maintain that the British Isles are essential to U.S. safety, in peace

as well as in war. They say that these islands are America's first line of defence now against the spread of dictatorship in Europe. Britain is the most powerful proponent in Europe of the principles of gradual social and economic changes and of hostility to violence and disorder.

—Demaree Bess: "Saturday Evening Post."

Flash-Back on Sport regarding Alf. Stoneham, in the "Daily Mirror":

Most interesting night of his career probably was when the famous "double k.o." occurred between Sturgeon and Cribb. Stoneham was in Cribb's corner. The clash took place at the Metropoliton Hall, Harris St., Pyrmont, and although all sorts of versions have been given about the incident Alf's is probably nearest the mark.

Stoneham is emphatic that both boxers hit simultaneously—Cribb with a right cross to Sturgeon's jaw and Sturgeon a rip to Cribb's body. Both connected. Sturgeon was "out to the wide" and prone on the floor. Cribb was equally "out," but one of his arms fell over the rope and allowed him to remain perpendicular while the little birdies twittered. Cribb got the decision.

In 1908 Stoneham decided to play his hand at the turf game and has been in it ever since. Now at the ripe age of 72 he still takes a lively interest in current affairs

Post war racing revivals in England have included the Gimcrack dinner which was held in December. It commemorates the great little grey horse Gimcrack, who raced marvellously in England and France over 250 years ago. Standing only a shade over 14 hands, he was unbeaten on seven different tracks in England in one year. Sold to France the game little fellow won his owner there a huge sum by running 22½ miles well within an hour. Back in England, he raced till he was 12 before going to the stud.

Odd that, whereas Gimcrack remains to this day one of the strong-

est arguments for racing them late -he wasn't raced till he was four years old-the Stakes bearing his name at Randwick is the medium for racing them young. It was not quite so much so as usual in the recent season, when because of fodder restrictions, early fillies' races were abandoned or postponed; the Gimcrack Stakes here, unlike the race of the same name in England, being, of course, for fillies only. The last English Gimcrack was, as most of them are, won by a colt, Lord Derby's Hyperion product, Gulf Stream, who beat the Aga Khan's filly Rivaz.

The belated Randwick Gimcrack—won by Sweet Chime (Le Grand Duc-Korimako) from Gold Taj (a subsequent winner) and Tibalina—was hopefully hailed as a means of establishing whether racing them young really affects fillies adversely. That, of course, is preposterous, since the postponement was for only a matter of months, and one such trial could prove nothing. On the other hand, Randwick Gimcrack winners notoriously do not go on to become great mares when they're older.—"The Bulletin."

What is happening in the Disunited Nations Assembly is fortunately being revealed to the world as Russia, at any rate, comes into the picture. What is happening in secret-bi-lateral pacts and so forth we cannot guess. This much seems certain: the Anglo-American entente is standing the strain. While that remains so we have cause to be grateful.

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But if you remember what was written here in these pages, and in frontispieces, when "peace" was declared, you will realise that the apprehensions were well-founded, and the warning against undue optimism was timely. Particularly has this been so as regards the chaos in Europe. If Europe goes under, it will drag the world down with it.

Such a calamity has happened in history before, although not on a scale so tremendous as is now threatened. What some people must still realise is that our geographical position—sometimes miscalled "isolation"—will not avail us. We escaped the privations of a global war, but we are not likely to be so fortunate in wrestling with a global peace.

It is plain that, as the people of Australia have to face these obligations, they must be provided with

#### CHAIRMAN TO RETIRE

Mr. W. W. Hill has announced that he will retire as chairman following the annual meeting in May, after a term of 14 years in that office. Previously he had been hon, treasurer for a year.

Mr. Hill gave as his reasons for relinquishing the chief office—that he considered that some other member should have an opportunity of becoming chairman, quite apart from the growing pressure of other interests.

Mr. Hill said further that he had indicated his desire to retire from office in 1943. He had agreed to continue in office until the end of the war.

His decision will be greatly regretted, as he combined personal qualities with an administrative ability which fitted him admirably for the office. His standing in the outside world of business and of sport also added to his qualifications and served to enhance the status of the club among public institutions and the public generally.

Everybody will wish Billy Hill well.

He has played the game in life and in sport as an Interstate Rugby Union footballer and as a first-class swimmer. For many years he was chairman of the N.S.W. Rugby Union.

When the Sydney Turf Club was established, Mr. Hill became its first chairman; a position which he still holds.

every reasonable opportunity for relaxation in the best avenue of all, sport. Those who suggest otherwise have the wrong psychological outlook, and they must not be allowed to get away with it.

We owe this much to racing, that it provided an escape for our troubles in the workaday world. There you meet your friends under

pleasant conditions and there is no problem to be solved greater than that of "who'll win the next?" If you lose, you do not lose much, if you are wise—remembering that the odds—apart from those laid by the bookmakers—are against you. If you win, there is more zest in collecting a £2-divvy than in making many times that sum in the ordinary course of business. Of course, some people are never satisfied unless they are over-playing their hands. Well, they pay; but I often wonder if they are as happy as those who go quietly.

Capt. E. J. Norman, Royal Marines, wrote a member of the committee expressing appreciation of the hospitality shown him as an honorary member.

We regret to record the death of John H. Jeffery, Melbourne, an interstate member, who was elected on 24/8/42 and died on 15/12/45; and of James S. Taylor, Junee, country member, member of the A.J.C. and solely responsible for the opening of the Maroubra speedway. He joined the club on 16/6/24 and died on 11/2/46.

Mr. W. H. Davies was recently elected to the Council of the R.A.S. He is President of the Australian Wine Producers' Association of N.S.W.

I was showing my little grandson the picture of a race finish, with the field strung out. "Those geegees are galloping," I said. Placing his finger on a bunch in the rear of the field, he inquired: "And what are they doing?" Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. . . .

Had I the time I would inform myself on breeding, so that when a great horse from comparatively obscure parentage appeared, or when a poor performer from a great line happened, I would be able to discuss the why and wherefore. Perhaps this would be speculation, but the study should be interesting for all that.

### WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT D.D.T.

(Reprinted from The Baltimore "Sunday Sun," Lois Mattox Miller.)

The wonder insecticide of World War II, D.D.T. is beginning to reach the civilian market as military demands fall off. Seldom has the public been more excited about a new product, its interest aroused, of course, by stories of the miracles D.D.T. has worked during the war. D.D.T. killed every fly and mosquito on whole islands in the Pacific. It made a healthful rest camp out of that pesthole, Guadalcanal. It stopped the typhus epidemic in Naples, and prevented the spread of typhus when the miserable army of Displaced Persons was loosed upon Europe.

Along with these true stories fantastic myths have been built up concerning D.D.T.'s potency, its deadliness to men and women, to children, to pets. Much advice has been passed from mouth to mouth, and much has been printed—two-thirds of it wrong.

Here are the facts, checked for accuracy by the experts of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the U.S. Army and the manufacturer.

#### What is D.D.T.?

It is a colourless, odourless, crystalline solid that can be compounded in powdered or liquid forms. Chemically, it is dichloro-diphenyltrichloroethane.

#### Is It New?

It is not; it was first synthesized in 1874, but it was only six years ago that a Swiss chemical manufacuring firm discovered its great value as an insecticide. The first samples were sent to the United States in 1942.

#### How Does D.D.T. Work?

D.D.T. attacks the insect's nervous system. After contact, flies and mosquitoes go into drunken jitters; paralysis soon follows. Flies and mosquitoes die within half an hour; bedbugs in a few hours; cockroaches within a week.

#### How Is D.D.T. Used in the Home?

Against flies and mosquitoes in rooms, wettable D.D.T. powder and water to make a 5 per cent. mixture is effective. This should be applied in a droplet (not a mist) spray on

ceilings, walls, screens, furniture—wherever the insects rest. Or a 5 per cent. solution of D.D.T. and odourless kerosene may be used (not near a stove or any open flame, of course). This oil solution is also effective against bedbugs and fleas, but a fine powder, ten per cent. strength, is probably better against fleas and against cockroaches.

#### Is D.D.T. Harmful to People?

The Army, the U.S. Public Health Service and the Department of Agriculture, after careful observation of the use of thousands of tons of D.D.T., report that human beings have nothing to fear from the substance, if used according to directions. Of course, D.D.T. preparations are poisonous if swallowed, and they should not be sprayed or dusted near uncovered foodstuffs or used on the parts of vegetables that are to be eaten.

## Is D.D.T. Harmful to Household Furnishings or Clothing?

No, unless combined with some harmful solvent. Odourless kerosene or naphtha solutions may be used freely. Water sprays leave a residue which is visible on polished or dark surfaces, but is easily wiped off.

Must the Premises be Sealed, as for

#### Fumigation?

No. In fact, if windows and doors are opened, screens and porches can be sprayed at the same time. The deodourised kerosene solvent holds the D.D.T. particles on all surfaces that have been sprayed; hence the prolonged effect.

#### Is D.D.T. Effective Against Moths?

Yes. Woollens and furs can be protected by dusting with a 5 per cent. D.D.T. powder, or spraying with a 5 per cent. D.D.T. concentration in naphtha. D.D.T. kills the larvae of clothes moths almost instantly. It does not affect the eggs but the larvae as they hatch come in contact with the crystals and die. Furs and woollens sprayed with naphthad. D.D.T. can be stored moth-free for six months or longer in bags, trunks or chests. D.D.T. also kills carpet beetles and silver fish.

## Can D.D.T. Be Mixed in Wall Paints?

Experiments show that D.D.T. is effective — probably for several months — when mixed in paints of the "soft surface," water-solvent or kalsomine type. Apparently it is much less effective in oil paints.

## Can D.D.T. be Used on Cats and Dogs?

A dusting powder (usually with a talc base) containing 5 per cent. D.D.T. will keep dogs free from fleas, lice and ticks. Because dogs are washed and are likely to be out in the rain, the powder must be applied often. D.D.T. powder should be dusted only on the head and neck of a cat—and then very lightly—because cats lick their fur.

## What is the Value of D.D.T. in the Garden?

It will kill many garden pests, is ineffective against others, and may leave a poisonous residue. The U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., is preparing more complete and detailed reports on D.D.T.'s usefulness to farmers and gardeners. You may write to the department next spring for the latest information on its uses.

#### Will D.D.T. Kill Termites?

Yes. A kerosene solution containing 5 per cent. D.D.T., used as a soil poison, has been found effective for more than two seasons.

#### Does D.D.T. Kill Body Lice?

Yes. A dusting powder containing 10 per cent. D.D.T. is used on the body and the clothing. Dusted into the hair it destroys head lice, but has no effect on the nits or eggs. If not washed out, it will kill the nits as they hatch.

## Is D.D.T. an Effective "Mosquito Repellant"?

No. Even though a person has been dusted or sprayed with a D.D.T. preparation, a mosquito bites before the D.D.T. takes effect. Later the mosquito will die.

## Does D.D.T. Kill Bees, Birds and Fish?

D.D.T. kills bees, but many other insecticides are equally harmful. Even the widely-used lead arsenate is often carried back into the hive, thus eventually killing a whole colony. Exten-

sive experiments are now under way to ascertain the effects of D.D.T. on wild life. D.D.T. powder, used at the rate of five pounds to the acre to control forest insects, has killed birds and fish.

How Can Genuine D.D.T. Preparations be Identified?

Read the label! All reputable manufacturers will state plainly on the label (1) the percentage of D.D.T. in the product; (2) the type of solvent used; and (3) the particular uses to which the mixture is best suited. Don't be fooled by some of the inferior products which are trying to capitalise on D.D.T. publicity by claiming to "contain D.D.T." Many are ordinary insecticides, to which D.D.T. has been added in such minute amounts as to be wholly ineffective. Read the label carefully before you buy.

### DANTE'S BROTHER

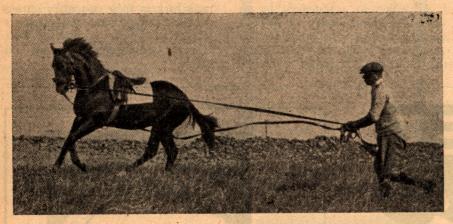
28,000 Guinea Colt Inspected.
Fred Armstrong has the honour—

and worry—of training Dante's 28,000 guineas two-year-old brother purchased by the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, last year.

Recently the northern expert of "Sporting Life" inspected the colt

One point in particular left a great impression with me, and it applies equally to all the yearlings in the stable—their sober temperament and perfect manners.

They showed no sign whatever of any nervousness, which says much for the way in which they have been



The record-price Nearco-Rosy Legend colt showing its mettle in the early days of his training.

and reported in glowing terms.

The Nearco-Rosy Legend colt was spotted at once on account of his exceptional likeness to Dante, he writes. A closer inspection revealed that, apart from the fact that he seems to possess more potential power behind, he is best summed up by saying that, on appearance, he has every chance to be as good as, or better than Dante himself.

Sober Temperament.

A short canter on the Low Moor showed him to be a beautiful mover. Later, in the stable, I was surprised how amazingly quiet to handle he is, and I was told that he is equally good to deal with at all times, so he is in every respect a perfect gentleman.

handled. Exceptional care and patience must have been employed during the breaking and handling of these young horses. All the colts are now "ridden away."

A natural conclusion to come to is that the Rosy Legend colt is likely to prove the pick of the bunch, but he definitely does give that impression even apart from his high price and the fact that he is the great Dante's own-brother.

If one had never heard of Dante, or knew nothing of the youngster's relationship to this year's Derby winner, one could not but be impressed, and greatly impressed, by the perfection of this yearling colt, a racing machine however you care to view him.

#### QUEER CRICKET PITCHES

When the recent cricket match N.S.W. v. Victoria ended, local controllers wrote finis to this State's first-class programme for the current season.

Attendances showed that the old love of our national pastime remains unabated, and record crowds will be the order of the day when the English Test side arrives here in November next.

It has been written that let any half dozen Englishmen get together anywhere and a game of cricket of some sort will result. History makes it appear so.

There was once a game played on Goodwin Sands, that shifting and treacherous bank off the Kentish coast of England.

About 100 years ago Mr. Morris Thompson challenged Captain Pearson, of the Deal fishing boat Spartan to muster a team to play on the "Sands." Conditions were that Thompson's XI. must all be land-lubbers, while Pearson's should be fishermen.

Came the day when members of both sides watched the tide recede and then landed on the highest portion of the Goodwins.

The fishermen won by 57 runs, and as the Sands began to again submerge, the players returned to Deal after spending five hours on what must surely be the strangest cricket pitch in history. Or was it?

During the war one of our naval ships was more or less stranded for a period in the North Pole region. A pitch was marked out on the ice and two teams battled for supremacy.

There was also that "game" played in a two million gallon petrol tank in Adelaide. Runs were scored according to where the ball hit the boundary.

Viewed from any angle cricket grips the imagination and, fortunately, the brand we have witnessed in recent months merely whets the whistle for more. And we are going to get it in large lumps with visits from England, India and South Africa in immediate seasons to come.

## Racing a National Sport? Derby Goes Back to Epsom

Just how it is hoped that the major race meetings in England will return to normal this year, and an unusual thought on political views on racing is gleaned from "Rapier" of London.

The Derby is to go back to Epsom and the National to Aintree.

Even more interesting, however, is this experienced 'turf reporter's ideas on the reactions of politicians to racing.

Among other things, he writes:—Racing is getting into its stride again more quickly than was generally expected. It is great news that the 1946 Grand National is to be decided at Aintree. It is greater news still that the 1946 Derby is to be run at Epsom. Will Doncaster bring off the treble by staging the first real post-war St. Leger on Town Moor? The fact that the Government is supporting the Aintree and

Epsom fixtures is especially gratifying. One hopes that our new leaders will not shy at the last fence and deprecate a Royal Ascot. I think they will not.

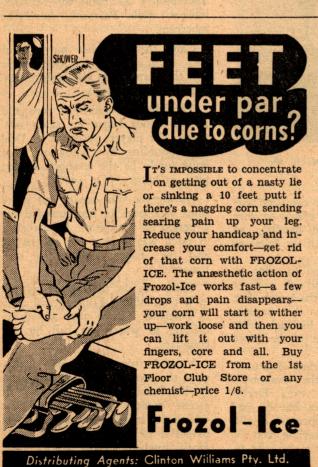
Much nonsense has been talked in the past regarding the attitude of "Labour" to horse racing; such talk has been quite unjustified. Highly placed individuals, now in office, could have called a halt to the sport long ago, had they insisted, during the term of the Coalition Government. That racing was allowed to go on when we were fighting for our existence was evidence enough for me that interest in it was not—and, I think never will be—confined to members of any one political party. It is, after all, a National sport.

According to a statement by an official of the Ministry of Works, sanction has been given for the expenditure of sufficient funds to put the course and the stands at Epsom

in a fit condition for the Epsom Summer Meeting.

The Derby was last run over the Epsom course in 1939, when Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter won the race. During the past six years the race has been run at Newmarket. With the great demand for work on housing it is hardly likely that the stands will return yet to their pre-war standard, but all racing people will welcome the news of the prospect of the return of the great classic to the Epsom venue. It is not anticipated that the work will be accomplished in time for a resumption of racing over this course in the Spring and in time for the holding here of the ever-popular City and Suburban Meeting.

Money is also to be expended on putting the Aintree course in order so that it may be in proper condition for the running of the Grand National in April. With these two races back in their customary setting the public in general and racegoers in particular, will feel that the Turf is really getting back into its old stride.





## BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Popularity of "Green Cloth" Games . . . Do You Want to be Professional or Social? . . . A Gathering Shot Explained . . . Why the Hard Shot is Frequently the Best of All.

The popularity of billiards is growing apace. Our members are aware of the fact owing to difficulties to engage tables just when wanted. Not so far back it was not like that. Green cloth games seemed to have gone into the discard but, nowadays, on all hands the reports are identical. More room required for billiards.

There are two distinct classes of billiards and snooker players. Those who play for recreation and companionship and those who want to engage in tournaments.

In the main, our members come into line with the firstnamed idea.

It is doubtful if sufficient interest could be worked up in a club such as ours, to justify a tournament which would close tables for general use when heats were on the tapis.

Time was when Tattersall's Club tournaments were quoted as the biggest in the Commonwealth but all sports are viewed in different perspective these days.

Two schools of thought have developed. One (for want of better description), bordering on the professional side when every effort expended is required to return dividends; and the other purely amateur or social. Judged by current opinion our own way of carrying on appears most suitable to members.

Improving One's Game

While members may not desire to enter tournaments it does not mean the desire is lacking to improve one's game.

The better one plays the greater the enjoyment and illustrated on this page is a grouping billiard shot which should easily be played by any cueist capable of making a 20 break.

The red ball is situated just outside the baulk line and the cue ball in between it and the opposing white.

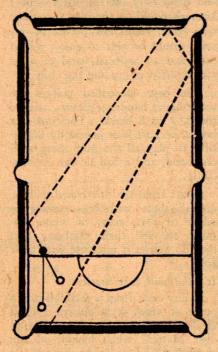
Object is to make a cannon and

bring all the balls together for a following easy shot.

No player worth his salt would go for a shot destined to split the balls and make the next effort harder than the first.

Only One Way Best.

A little study and confidence are main ingredients.



Obviously there are several ways in which the shot can be executed to provide a score. But there is only one best way. That is the reason why, sometimes, the best professionals will halt in their stride to study the lay-out and assess possibilities.

You can forget all about champions playing mechanically. That rarely, if ever, happens. Each shot is a study for the expert.

In this shot depicted, for instance, the cueist is required to force the right angle throw off the first cushion in order that the red ball will travel the required path. Having decided on that contact the cannon becomes slightly more difficult. The cannon-off-cushion is eliminated and a draw shot essential.

Were the first idea carried out the red would be forced up the table with the result that the three balls would be spread in "untidy" fashion all over the table. Good players shun such results. That is why they are good players.

If any member tries the shot as outlined and follows the instructions, and reasons for same, carefully, he will not only succeed but will open up a new thought in general play. In short, he will have started on the real road to success and ability to overcome problems that arise every time the balls are struck.

Snooker Has Its Problems.

Just as in billiards, snooker has its problems and the player who overcomes to most rises to the top.

comes to most rises to the top.

There are just as many "draw" shots played in snooker, by the best exponents, as there are in the three-ball game. Every time the cue tip makes contact with a ball there should be a definite objective. Frequently red balls are in pottable position but unknown to the vast majority of players because they have failed to watch the Longworths, etc., in action. Oftentimes the best exponents play shots which look the hardest of all but careful study will quickly show the reason why they shunned the easy one. That is always on tap when required and there should be no hurry to move it.

Next month a snooker diagram will be shown together with a Joe Davis explanation. No higher authority could be quoted.

#### A BUTTON IN WHITE

Many people will say they know Lord Derby's colours—black, white cap. What is little known is that there is also one white button... Long ago Tommy Weston, then riding for Lord Derby, once buttoned up his silk coat, and a white muffler he wore got fastened up and showed as a white button.

Weston won the race and since then a white button is a part of the colours used.

## BEATING THE GOLF GAME Despite Loss of Limb

Golf as part of the rehabilitation of disabled service personnel has been investigated carefully by top-ranking player Henry Cotton.

In "Sport and Country", he deals with this practically and sympathetically and writes:—

I have felt very strongly for some time that it would be a good idea if the golf game was brought to the notice of disabled people, as being a game most of them could play, and at which they possibly could take on their more fortunate brothers even on level terms. I also thought that, perhaps, an organisation might be built up or an existing one adapted, so that information on and around the subject of golf could be pooled and redistributed.

Golf is quite an individual game anyway, but with "absent" legs and arms, or only parts of them left, it certainly becomes more individual. but I am sure that much pain and time could be saved if some of the most interesting advice I received in letters from disabled golfers, could be passed on to others. This does not mean that instructors and doctors of the various "centres" are not doing what they should, for golf is just a small part of life anyway, and they cannot be expected to have enough time to spare to devote any of it to a few odd people who are interested in golf, when there is so much to do in other directions.

Those less fortunate . . .

How did I come to be interested in this idea?

Well, as a person earning a living with my arms and legs, I have not been unconscious of the fact that my career would suffer a severe set-back if I had to overcome some of the obstacles which the loss of a limb presents, and being grateful for my blessings, I felt drawn to contribute something to help others less fortunate than myself.

One armed golfers, through their Golfing Society, founded after the Great War, have established an organisation which is most alive, and through which information is circulated and notes are compared at the frequent golf tournaments.

There is no better occasion for this than at a golf meeting. The standard of one armed play is very high indeed—I can appreciate this as I know that it is not an easy matter to hit a golf ball accurately with one hand only on the shaft—but I am rather sold on the idea that those who have insufficient power in one arm, would be able to enjoy golf if they had an artificial hand of some sort to assist in guiding the club.

The best one-armed golfers are single-figure handicap players, around the 6, 7 or 8 mark. They are not better, because it is physically impossible to play all the golf shots with one hand, and a bad lie can be very costly.

Apart from the one-armed golfers, are all those with legs missing in whole or part, many of whom disguise so well their disability that they do not let it interfere with their golf.

It's the will that matters

In any case, from a disabled man's point of view, it is always a good idea to remember the slogan "Mind over Matter" when looking at life generally, and to make himself do things. My authority for this remark is none other than Group-Capt. Bader, D.S.O. (and bar), D.F.C. (and bar), who "struts" round any golf course with his tin legs, ignoring every handicap but his golf one, which he intends to reduce.

As golf can be played well with one arm, equally so it can be played with one leg, and it is again a point for discussion and comparing of notes, to find out whether one leg and crutches are better than one leg and an artificial one.

In this sort of discussion every case is a different one for obvious reassons, but from some of the information I have gathered from my numerous correspondents, I am satisfied there are

golfers all over the country who could enjoy their golf more, if they had all sorts of ideas at their disposal to study.

Individual Problems.

One golfer finds, for example, that his game has improved tremendously since he has his artificial right leg made an inch shorter than his normal left one, for it allows him to get into the usual position at the address, instead of having his right side too high. Another with a left leg missing, high up, after experimenting finds he can do best with a crutch tucked under his left arm and placed at the correct angle. He can hit the ball well, and quite consistently and can do much better than when he struggles around with his artificial leg on. And so on and so forth.

Have you ever thought that carrying a bag is a problem for those with artificial legs? The extra weight and the jarring tell. Caddies are not easy to find and are expensive. The flat courses are naturally easier to walk on, and to many, a pitch and putt course would be adequate as a start. There is room for many more of these throughout the country—for a really well-designed pitch and putt course is great fun and requires much skill, and provides all the competition we so love in this country.

Here is a paragraph from one wonderful letter I received, which I think you will agree is inspiring:—

"However, there is one outstanding fact, and that is I have derived very considerable benefit and joy from the game, and that I have come across many interesting people and made very many friends whom I am convinced I would not otherwise have met had I not taken up golf-and as a man now getting on for the halfcentury mark, having played golf for the past 20 years, carrying an artificial left leg and sundry other scars of battle! I feel that what have been my enjoyable experiences can easily be equalled by any young limbless man who could be persuaded in his own interests to take up golf."

### Hobart Ho!-And How It Was Made

IT WAS LAST November 12 months when we first sighted the "Ambermerle" and she was ours. As fine a little craft as you would be likely to find, and expensive? Yes. About the same as a certain race-horse that never won.

Now the Cruising Yacht Club of Sydney had gathered a body of enthusiasts who wanted to race to Hobart and, fired with their enthusiasm, sure enough we must go, too. Experience nil. Navigation shaky. But Eden would be a nice place for a holiday if we could get no farther. We were lucky to get Jim Alderton, of eighteen-footer fame, to skipper us, and here was experience and ability to carry the rest of the crew

So on Boxing Day five no-hopers crossed the line, Hobart-bound. With Point Perpendicular Light west about 9 p.m. we waded through the night with a freshening breeze. Our

rate of progress was such we hoped to be in some Hobart pub in a couple of days. Little did we think that it would be rum at Bermagui, thirty-six hours later. Came the dawn, and, by guess, fifty or sixty miles out to sea, off, roughly Bateman's Bay. So round we came for Gabo, but not for long. Our weather prophet, the Skipper, predicts a southerly, so all sail is set for the coast, shelter and its comforts.

With the wind and the waves in ample quantity throughout the afternoon and night, we eventually poked our nose behind a protruding headland around 3 a.m. Twelve hours later, with the prospect of the wind easting, and still being no-hopers, we decided to sail back some 15 miles or so to Bermagui, where, sure enough, we had our rum, and great difficulty in restraining the crew from going to the local dance. With five

headaches we made sail the following morning to learn by wireless, during the day, that the leading boats, Winstone Churchill and Kathleen, were not very far ahead. (At this stage Rani and Horizon were lost.)

Becalmed off Twofold Bay by the night of the 29th, we picked up a splendid northerly that increased to gale force that day and night, and ran us well into Bass Strait. The old year went out and the New Year came in bowling along with a splendid westerly to Barren Island, and was succeeded by a northerly which left us becalmed off Falmouth, on the east coast of Tasmania.

The next day or so was uneventful until we rounded Capes Pillar and Raoul and made Storm Bay, living up to its name. Great was the jubilation of the crew; no more cooking on this bucking broncho, or so we thought. With far too much sail we



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crossed Storm Bay and to the entrance of the Derwent, where we hoped for more moderate winds. It was here the fates decided on their little joke and swept away our sails. So here we were with a bare 11 miles to go, and this to take us a goodly seven hours under storm canvas.

Fed up with our slow progress, the skipper ordered our big Genoa set, and, so anxious was his haste to get ashore, the boat came to rest at a tram stop on the shores of Sandy Bay. With 635 miles to go, 6331 completed, and then have to run aground. Great was the rage and curses of the skipper and dejected and demoralised was the crew, who did not relish a night on a sand bank with the fleshpots of Hobart within a mile; but by the grace of God and the good offices of the citizens of Hobart—the whole lot—we were refloated and across the finishing line about 7 p.m. to the cheers of the We had won second multitude. honours.-F.C.M.

#### AN EYE FOR AN EYE

From Glass to Plastics.

Believe it or not, 10,000 persons in England before the war required glass eyes.

But science is catching up fast.

News that plastic eyes are being produced by the Optical Appliances Section of the Ministry of Pensions probably sounds the death-knell of the ordinary glass eye, whose main disadvantage has always been the risk of breakage.

The Ministry had absorbed much of the large peace-time stock by issuing many thousands of the old type to war casualties before developing the new plastic model.

The artificial eye business was surprisingly healthy even before the war, providing work for half a dozen leading concerns in this country. It was then reckoned that about 10,000 persons wore glass eyes, with regular additions owing to accidents in industry and the home.

#### NAMES NOW NECESSARY

The Jockey Club in England moves slowly and does not unduly or hurriedly tamper with rules.

It has decreed that in future every horse must have a name before being raced. Hitherto two-year-olds have been allowed to race in the name of the dam. The best known example of this of recent years is Orwell, who was the outstanding two-year-old of 1931, and who won a number of good races as the Golden Hair colt.

There was a time when it was possible for an animal to go through a long racing career without a name. It is indeed high time that this alteration in the Rules was made. It was first proposed, in 1838, and it has been suggested many times since then. All racing men will welcome the Jockey Club decision.



or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine.

. . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



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## GEO. ADAMS (TATTERSALL) and "WAR SERVICE FUNDS"

Geo. Adams' correspondents—through the WAR SERVICE FUNDS Plan operating since November, 1940—have contributed £127,000 for War Funds (Red Cross, Comforts, Distressed Diggers, etc.). In addition, GEO. ADAMS subsidises this by at least a pro rata contribution. Diggers, Sailors, Airmen and Nurses are thus supported by regular contributions.

The money is paid over on each drawing day to the Federal Executive, R.S.S.A.I.L.A., Melbourne, for distribution amongst all States and New Zealand. Here is a way in which all Service Men (old and new) and their families and friends can help and, at the same time, stand a chance of a big win.

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## Scarlet Pimpernels of the Air

#### Condensed from Skyways, Allan A. Michie

Casual listeners to B.B.C. newscasts to occupied Europe in the long months before V-E Day were frequently surprised to hear announcers say: "Uncle Jean has two shillings in his pocket," or, "Tell Marie to wear her goloshes." Such seeming nonsense was a coded signal to some French underground radio operator, often meaning that a plane would be over a Maquis landing field that night to drop arms and supplies, or perhaps land saboteurs.

Much of Hitler's troubles in occupied Europe came from a secret British-American air force. In Tempsford, a little town in Bedfordshire, there was a road marked "Closed to the Public." The villagers knew it led to an airfield, but the airmen who drank in the local pub were under threat of court-martial if they talked of their job. A few miles away at Harrington, Northamptonshire, some 3000 U.S. airmen operated another secret airfield. Even administrative officers and groundcrew men weren't told what was going on. When they asked why the B-24 Liberators were painted black, the reply was "for night pathfinding operations."

From these fields two R.A.F. special mission squadrons and the American 492nd Bomber Group delivered arms, ammunition, radio sets, thousands of carrier pigeons, food and sobotage equipment to the undergrounds of Europe. For the Norwegians they dropped skis and sleighs; for the French Maquis, jeeps, bazookas, mortars, bicycles and tyres-made in England, but with French trademarks. These Scarlet Pimpernels of the Air transported hundreds of Allied spies, underground agents, saboteurs and resistance leaders in and out of Europe under the very noses of the Gestapo.

The U.S. 492nd Bomber Group, from the time it began in January, 1944, to the war's end in Europe, dropped 4500 tons of equipment and landed hundreds of agents in France, Belgium, Holland and Denmark.

The two R.A.F. squadrons which began operating from Tempsford in February, 1942, made their drops in 19 countries from the Arctic Circle to Africa.

Just before and after D-Day, these secret air forces dropped "Jedburgh" teams in France—specially trained teams of American, British and French officers, plus a radio operator—to organise and spark-plug the resistance attacks on German rear communications and supply dumps.

In the operations rooms at Tempsford and Harrington, huge wall maps showed a tiny flag for each drop reception ground and landing field in Europe. There were thousands of flags, from the tip of Norway to the remotest corner of Austria. Hundreds clustered around Paris, Oslo, Copenhagen, Brest and Brussels. There were even drop areas outside Berlin and Hamburg and in the Bavarian mountains, and throughout the war Allied agents parachuted down on them.

In 1942, when Reinhard "The Hangman" Heydrich, ruthless Gestapo boss of Czechoslovakia, was murdered while driving near the Czech village of Lidice, obliterated by the Nazis in reprisal, the world wondered where the killers had come from. They were Czech parachutists, who the night before had taken off from Tempsford.

During the last weeks of Germany's fight, Allied columns were pushing with apparent recklessness deep into the Reich. But the Allied commanders knew just what they were doing. Intelligence men dropped by the special air squadrons kept telling them exactly where the Germans were. And when the German radio was still boasting of a last-stand fight to be made in the Bavarian mountain "redoubt," the Allied commanders knew the redoubt was a myth. Dozens of agents dropped into the area reported that there wasn't any redoubt.

In preparation for D-Day, the Allied Supreme Command determined

to build up a huge backlog of sabotage materials in Festung Europa, and American Liberator squardons, experienced in long navigational flights because of anti-submarine work, were chosen for the new assignment. The Liberator's were painted black, the waist guns were yanked out to give space for packages and a circular opening—known as the "Joe hole"—was cut in the floor through which to make drops.

A complex chain of organisation linked the airfields, the London headquarters, and underground hideouts all over Europe. Local resistance leaders selected the reception fieldsusually farmlands or sports grounds -and sent the location by secret wireless or by pigeons to an obscure building in a drab London street. There the reception fields were given code names, such as "Bob," "Percy," "Luke." Often reconnaissance air craft would zip across and photograph the field and surrounding landmarks. When the field was approved, another coloured flag blossomed on the huge wall maps at Tempsford and Harrington, marked with the dates when underground men would be standing by to receive drops.

If a Maquis leader asked London for supplies or arms, a plane was loaded with steel canisters and wicker baskets, with parachutes attached. That evening, a B.B.C. man would say, over the air. "Henri has found two francs." That meant the drop would be made at reception field "Henri" about two in the morning.

Few reception fields had secret radio to guide the planes in. Most drops were made into a boxlike formation of flashlights pointed upward by waiting Maquis. Sometimes the Germans built fake drop areas, but they seldom received the cargo because they couldn't give the correct flashlight signal. Often German radar would spot the plane and night fighters would attack it. Two night fighters set an American Liberator afire and wounded the tail gunner and radioman, but the plane staggered home to Harrington, where they

counted more than 1000 bullet holes in it.

The agents dropped were a varied lot—American, British and other Allied officers, French-Canadians, anti-Nazi Germans, young boys, girls and old men. On the afternoon before their flight they were brought to the secret airfields by car. Intelligence men searched them thoroughly-a London bus ticket, an American cigarette, would give them away on the Continent—and then dressers took over. Each agent was clad in a baggy jump suit abundantly fitted with pockets into which went a dagger-like knife, concentrated rations, a flashlight, a first-aid kit, bundles of radio parts, secret maps and papers. One agent even stowed away a phonograph record denouncing Laval which was to be slipped into a Vichy radio programme. A rubber cushion was placed in the seat of the suit and rubberised cloth was wound around the agent's feet. Knee-high boots and a rubber crash helmet completed the rig. The agent by now looked like a lumpy mattress.

Approaching the drop zone, the agents would slide along the floor to the "Joe hole" and on a light signal from the pilot would drop into darkness below. One German was dropped five times, once dressed as a German colonel, again as a lieutenant, later as a corporal and twice as a civilian.

Since the underground needed more material than could be dropped by parachute, it was decided that heavy planes carrying large loads must land behind the German lines. Flying antiquated single-engined planes which could land on a 150yard strip of rough ground, R.A.F. pilots had already been putting down and taking off from France with a couple of agents each trip; larger aircraft were a bigger problem. The British practised with Hudsons until they could land in 450 yards and the Americans decided to use C-47 Dakota transport planes. A month after D-Day, Colonel Clifford Heslin set his C-47 down in a half-harvested wheat field in southern France. The waiting Maquis quickly uprooted trees and planted them around the C-47 so that it was invisible to the Germans, and 48 hours later, after having been wined and dined, Colonel Heslin took off for Harrington with two American airmen, a Canadian gunner, an R.A.F. navigator, a British agent, a young French girl and a Frenchman to attend a sabotage school.

When a Hudson bogged in a French field, enthusiastic Maquis mustered 200 men, ten oxen and four horses, and in four hours had the big plane on firm ground. An American C-47 nosed over landing in France on a flashlight flarepath. Mechanics were flown over from Harrington, and in a few days had the plane serviced for the return trip.

The leader of the Danish resistance movement told the fliers at Tempsford that 90 per cent. of the arms and equipment dropped was reaching underground hands and being put to immediate use. The agent in the Lyons area was brought out to Harrington to tell the Americans that in the month previous his Maquis had killed 1000 Germans with the arms dropped from the air.

On a plain granite memorial near the French village of St. Cyr de Valorges is carved this inscription: "In memory of five American airmen found dead under the debris of their aircraft, shot down in flames at this place, April 28, 1944, whose mission was the parachuting of arms to our secret army for the liberation of · France and the restoration of our ideal." That simple monument to five unknown warriors of the Anglo-American special air squadrons will stand in history as a symbol of the gratitude of the free peoples of Europe for their help.

The young lovers, trying to find a secluded spot for a long embrace, found people, people, people everywhere. Suddenly the man had an idea and he led the girl to the railway station. Standing beside the door of a car as though seeing her off, he kissed her fondly. After the couple had repeated the experiment at four or five different platforms, a sympathetic porter strolled up and whispered to the young man:

"Why don't you take her round to the bus terminal? They go every three minutes from there."—Jinx.

#### STILL LEGAL TENDER

Whether there is any risk in accepting Australian notes of a higher denomination than £10 is a question still being asked in business circles.

Mistaken opinions are held on the subject. It is believed that such notes have ceased to be legal tender, meaning that a creditor is no longer bound to accept them in payment of a debt. Some people think they are worthless.

The National Security Regulation, gazetted last May, that declared notes for more than £10 would cease to be legal tender after August 31, 1945, never became operative. Before the date on which it was to take effect the regulation was overridden by the amending Commonwealth Bank Act, under which all Australian notes are legal tender.

#### Purpose Achieved.

The regulation was not re-enacted. Between its gazettal and the passing of the Bank Act the Treasury's purpose had been substantially achieved. Nearly 75,000 high denomination notes, totalling £5.7 million, emerged from the cover of safe deposit and other hiding-places to be deposited in banks.

Throughout 1945 they continued to be disgorged. At the end of the year there were in circulation only 506 notes of £20, 2,830 of £50, 2,146 of £100, and 317 of £1,000.

After notes of these denominations are deposited in the banks they are sent to the Note Issue Department of the Commonwealth Bank, which then cancels them. They are not being replaced by new issues.

Nevertheless, a trader will not lose if he accepts a "monkey" or a "pony" in settlement of a debt, providing, of course, that it is not a forgery. The banks accept them.

Indeed, he is bound to accept notes of such high denomination, as well as silver coins totalling forty shillings or copper amounting to twelvepence, if a debtor offers them. But he is under no legal obligation to change large notes so that a smaller debt can be repaid.—With acknowledgments to the "Sydney Morning Herald."

## CHALK-A New Industry Starts

A new industry to Sydney, and Australia, of special interest to billiard and snooker players, is the manufacture of high grade chalk for applying to cue tips. The inventor is Capt. S. Gaudio, who has set up his factory at Leichhardt.

There are several unusual features. Capt. Gaudio is an analytical chemist engaged by some of our largest manufacturers, and he has made "chalk" manufacture his hobby over the years.

It will be noted that "chalk" has been written in quotes. That is because it is in reality far removed from chalk. It is rock.

When hewn it is pounded to a powder finer than flour. It is then treated with a secret formula and placed into a special machine which presses it into block form with 40 tons to the square inch pressure.

Never at any stage is the raw material cooked. Consequence is it is impervious to heat, cold or dampness.

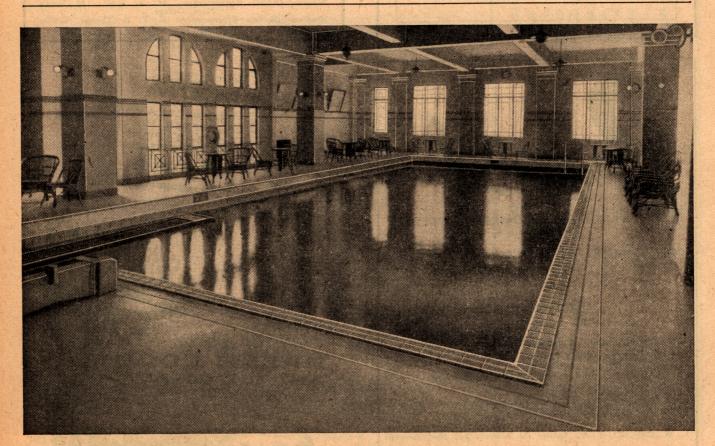
Believe it or not, the industry is far removed from the pigmy class. On figures supplied officially, there is an oversea market available, and consumption is round about one million gross blocks per annum. It is going to require a fair sized staff to fulfil demands. The new article has been tried and tested by our best professionals, who declare it better than the best imported.

It has grip but does not clog the tip, which is usually the greatest fault. Cueists will have noted how shiny the tip surface becomes. It is difficult, at times, to make the chalk adhere and mis-cues are the order of the day.

An interesting feature is that various colours are possible and already nine different shades of green have been produced.

The finished article requires 90 days to mature.

In the near future production of Australian made tips will start. At the moment experiments are being made on leather, and intention is to again adopt the pressure system and produce one-piece articles. Members will learn all about it when the finished product has been tested and not found wanting. In the interim here's wishing the new industry all the best.



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## ELEVATION OR PLAN...

Or Just Point of View

Human eyes are a little less than two yards from the ground, and their gaze is directed forward. These two facts have a much greater influence on our ideas about the universe than might at first be supposed.

When, for instance, one calls to mind the image of a tree it appears as a tall thing with a woody trunk, which supports aloft a hundred leafy sprays combining to make a characteristic silhouette against the sky In other words we always recall the tree in elevation, never in plan. And so with any other sizeable object whether it is the profile of the Himalayas or the view of our own face in the mirror; all our pictorial conventions and most of our mental imagery derive from what can be seen by two horizontally gazing eyes a few feet above the ground.

But human eyes, some human eyes, have lately taken to observing the world differently. These eyes look down, not forward, and from several thousand feet up, not from a mere five or six. It is a new view. Terrestrial objects become strange, and one has to learn afresh the appearance of the most familiar objects. The trees we knew have gone; instead of them there are dark circular shapes dotting the meadows below us. The eyes of the airman no longer see the world as a series of elevations: they see the world in plan.

#### The Novel Outlook.

At first this interests by its novelty. It is odd to see humanity foreshortened and to recognise buildings mainly by the character of their roofs. The chief landmark of a cathedral city is no longer the great towers that dominate the landscape for the terrestrial eye, but the white roads of some suburban housing estate. Hills up which we have toiled laboriously seem mysteriously to have been flattened out. And what an astonishing number of gravel pits there are!

Soon we become clever at interpreting the marks on the earth below. We learn that the nature of the line traced by a railway is quite different from that of a country road. The

suent curves of one come from the engineer's drawing-board, the greater angularity of the other is due to farm waggons. Both are different from the line of a stream which twists across the meadows like a dropped rope, or that of a canal that submissively follows the contours. The patterns of fields are interesting and vary from county to country.

Dangers in Looking Down.

The patterns of tree-planting vary also. In the stormiest parts of the country there are no trees, but where the wind is not quite so continually violent one sees the long dark lines of plantations intended to break its force. In most counties trees grow only along the lines of hedges and rivers, but where landscape gardening peers have been active the trees have left the hedgerows and gathered in clumps in the middle of meadows.

The vertical view of the world is interesting, but at the same time it is dull. If it has beauty it is of an extremely intellectual and abstract kind, lacking familiar human associations. When we see the branches of a tree wave against the sky we recognise its beauty in a way that we cannot when it has become a dark green bun in the middle of a pale green field. When we meet a friend it is his front elevation we see with pleasure, not his plan.

It is a paradox that if we survey man's activities from on high, although we learn a hundred hitherto unexpected things about them and appreciate for the first time their scope and extent, yet their ordinary human significance seems to have evaporated and gone. For a million years the human eye has looked forward; there are dangers in teaching it to look down.

> Members are asked to notify the Secretary of any change of address

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### Best Sires of Two-Year-Olds What Figures Show

Hyperion, Nearco and Fair Trial again were the leading sires of successful two-year-olds in England last season.

The record of Hyperion reads: 13 winners of 25 races and £13,010; then follows Nearco, 9 winners of 22 races and £10,401; next is Fair Trial, 17 winners, 30 races and £9,440, says "Horse and Hound."

Precipitation has been displaced by Fairway, who is fourth in this section. His record is a long way inferior to that of the three leaders; for, though Fairway had 9 winners of 15 races the stakes won amounted to only £4454. Another of Lord Derby's stallions follows. This is Bobsleigh, 8 winners, 12 races, £3975. Umidwar comes next with 7 winners, 10 races, £3384½, and then Stardust, by Hyperion, 6 winners, 12 races, £3116.

Then, in order of amounts, are Coup de Lyon, 4; Signal Light, 8; Colombo, 6; Bois Roussel, 7; Gold Bridge, 6; Turkhan, 5; Panorama, 7; Dastur, 5; and Admiral's Walk, 8

In 1939 Hyperion's offspring first appeared on the turf. His two-year-olds did so well they enabled their sire to head the list in this section with 7 winners of 12 races and £15,670. Among them were Godiva, Stardust and Titan, now in Australia.

A year later Fair Trial was leader, also with his first progeny to be raced. They numbered 8 winners of 24 races and £5606, double the sum credited to Hyperion, who finished in second position, a position he again held the following year, for in 1941 Bahram led, thanks to the winnings of Big Game.

Once again, a stallion with his first runners headed this list of sires of two-year-old winners in 1942. That was Nearco's season. His 6 winning offspring garnered 17 races worth £6637.

In 1943 Fairway went to the top of the table, with about £1000 more than Hyperion's winnings. Garden Path was Fairway's best that season.

Nearco again took the lead in 1944 with 8 winners of 20 races and

£7398. Hyperion came next with 14 winners of 21 races, £7200; so it was a close finish. Once more, Hyperion and Nearco have changed positions for 1945.

Remarkable is the consistence of Hyperion in this connection; Near-co appears also to possess the same desired characteristic. So far, the offspring of Hyperion, later on, in the main, appear to have done better than those of Nearco.

Long ago it was apparent that daughters of Hurry On would prove the most successful producers of winners in 1945. Far behind the leader, but all very close together, came Swynford, Solario and Cameronian.

#### **PAWNBROKERS**

King John's Financial Moves.

Here's a little bit of history and relates to pawnbroking. The armorial bearings of the County of Cornwall (Eng.) are fifteen pawnbrokers' balls.

In the days of the early Plantagenets the pownbrokers of Cornwall were so enterprising and prosperous that five of them formed an association to finance the war which King John had declared on France.

The five united their sets of three balls, making the fifteen in the armorial bearings.

Prosperity, it is recorded, was on the up and up on even larger scale than the most optimistic ever dreamed.

Of English towns, the one with the oddest shield is Crewe. It contains seven horses, ten men, one woman, a stage coach, a canal boat, a road, two ranges of mountains and four trees.

It is intended as a pictorial guide to the progress of locomotion as seen in bygone days.

Bad luck the civic forefathers could foresee horseless carriages and aeroplanes. Their prognostications, in drawings, would be of great interest in the light of what has transpired since.

#### RACING FIXTURES

1946

#### FEBRUARY

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C	Saturday, 9th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 16th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 23rd

#### MARCH.

Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C.	Saturday, 9th
Sydney Turf Club	Saturday, 16th
Sydney Turf Club	. Saturday, 23rd
Sydney Turf Club	. Saturday, 30th

#### GETTING THE AIR-OR THE OIL

Different countries have different customs. When we first heard that Tom Smith, the Main Chance Farm trainer, had been "warned off" in America for doping a horse with ephedrine in a fifth-rate race at Jamaica we were under the impression that it would be years, if ever, before he recovered his licence, writes "Observer" in "Horse and Hound."

Now, however, it transpires that Smith has merely been suspended for a season while his two aides in his nefarious practice were told to take a month's holiday. Moreover, the general opinion seems to be that Smith has been harshly treated.

It reminds us of a Sunday afternoon in Beirut when one visited that delightful miniature Longchamp next to the Pine Residence.

There every winner was automatically tested for dope. Behind the stands was a lofty chamber which rejoiced in the magnificent name of a "salivarium." The sight of white-coated gentlemen busy with test tubes, retorts and other apparati was most reassuring to the public.

Nevertheless, those "in the swim" at Beirut could make large sums of money, while those who were not were doomed to heavy loss. The reason was that there was no "jockey-arium."

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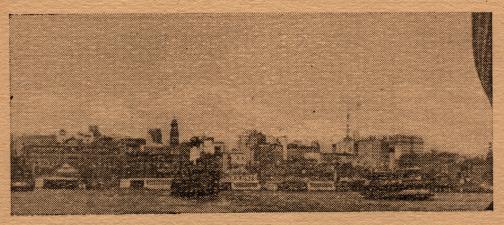
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### CIRCULAR QUAY

DESPITE the skyline of modern buildings, the new passenger wharves, the great grey shadow of the Bridge, it is still quite easy to visualise the day of the wind-jammer, of the great wool-clippers, race horses of the sea, with the lines of the true ocean thoroughbred . . . and to hear, in memory, the hauling chanties as the full-rigged ships were warped out of the cove into the wind.

Even to this day, old-fashioned stores of many gables, on both sides of the Quay, still stand as mute reminders of a vivid and colourful past.

No matter how big Sydney may grow, it will ways remain a city of the sea—a waterfront metropolis.

Harking back to the year 1788 Captain Phillip, surveying the new land, decided on the site of settlement and bestowed on it the name of Sydney Cove—in honour of Viscount Sydney by whose patronage the sailing of the First Fleet to Australia had been greatly expedited.

By 1790, crude wharves were built on the western side, one almost in the centre, at the head of the Cove, about where Loftus Street intersects Bridge Street to-day.

It was about this time that Captain Phillip considered the settlement to have reached sufficient size to be designated at least a village and so the name Sydney Cove was abbreviated to Sydney.

The former shape must not be confused with the shape of today nor its present facilities with those of earlier days, as witness the caustic comments of one, Captain Colnett, who visited Sydney in the H.M.S. "Glatton" in 1803. The Captain declared the so-called wharves to be in an absolutely decayed state and said that his cargo of guns, if landed, would go right through the structures. the structures.

A few improvements were made as shipping increased and, by the year 1823, there were no less than 22 vessels engaged in the coastal

For all that, the immediate surrounds of the Quay were still in a most primitive state. The cottages (we would call them humpies today) thatched with rushes, stretched away in an irregular line on either side of the Tank Stream.

The shape of Sydney Cove was then still roughly that of a triangle, with the apex extending back to the middle of Bridge Street, but gradually, however, through siltation and the building of additional wharves, the point began

building of additional wharves, the point began to be rounded off.

In 1845 the Governor, Sir Ceorge Gipps, discussed with the Executive Council a proposition by which a semi-circular Quay at the head of Sydney Cove would be made and opened.

Though it was described officially as a "semi-circular Quay," gradually the name "Circular Quay" came into use.

A noted pioneer of Circular Quay was Robert

Campbell, who constructed on a strip of land to the western side of Sydney Cove the wharf which for many years was known as "Campbell's

It was Robert Campbell and John Lamb who, in 1849, spoke in the face of a drizzle of rain for two hours from the top of a vehicle at a public demonstration at Circular Quay against the continued use of New South Wales as a penal settlement.

This demonstration occurred when the convict ship "Harkaway" arrived in Sydney with 212 male convicts on board. The ship came on a Friday in June 1849, and on the following Monday the greater numbers of the leading merchants and shopkeepers closed their establishments! By I p.m. there were approximately 5,000 persons at Circular Quay and it was this gathering that Mr. Campbell and Mr. Lamb addressed.

Scarcely less notable was the public meeting also at the Quay, in 1853, for the purpose of giving expression to opinions regarding the new Constitution Bill.

In 1852, during the gold boom, came a great day when practically the whole population flocked to the Quay to see the arrival of the "Chusan", the first regular mail steamer to reach Australia from England.

A ship's voyage which took 79 days (67 actual running days) was considered a marvel of speed. To celebrate the event a public Barl was held in the Sydney Museum at which the Captain and officers of the "Chusan" were received by the Governor.

One month after the arrival of the "Chusan", the "Great Britain" moored some distance from the still-forming Quay. The arrival of this ship created another sensation as it was claimed to be the largest vessel then afloat—three thousand five hundred tons!

From the "Empire" dated 1st September, 1854, we gather facts telling of the biggest project attempted to that date on the waterfront: "The formation of a wharf at Circular Quay in continuance of Pitt Street North is being conducted with great activity. Upwards of 250 piles have been driven and the operation of flooring has commenced.

The work will when completed, be a valuable addition to our port accommodation as the largest vessels will then be able to be brought up to our principal street and thus dispense with the present clumsy and dangerous stages".

By 1858 the "Phantom", first of the regular ferries, was transporting residents between Manly and Sydney. But still there were no shelters built at Circular Quay; boats just tid up alongside the wharves and even cargo was left in the open. Wool was pressed into bales by perspiring men under the shade of old canvas awnings.

Gradually, however, with many an indignant letter from public-spirited citizens, conditions around Circular Quay improved.

Ferry services extended, going to all parts of the Harbour but, nevertheless, it was with very real regret that a number of people saw the last of the great clipper ships.

From the beginning of this century steam dominated the scene at Circular Quay and the whole of the southern side was occupied by the ferry wharves.

ferry wharves.

Every day thousands of people from the centre of the city either went south to the Railway or north to Circular Quay . . . and the busiest scene of all was at the Quay.

Then in 1932 the shadow of man's greatest construction in the Southern Hemisphere fell across the Quay. The great Bridge momentarily took away the rush and bustle—but not all the importance. Today it is still for many, many thousands of people the entrance to the city . . . and now that the war is over, the wharves flanking the eastern and western shores will again provide the first landing place for many overseas visitors. overseas visitors.

Gone are the leisurely days when the arrival of a ship at the Quay shook things up once or twice a month, and gone are the times when the Captain might be seen in his very best blue coat with gold buttons, white duck and top hat, followed by a middy or A.B. carrying his tin case with the ship's papers, coming ashore to report himself.

himself.

The days of the graceful sailing ships have passed and gone, and the "Queens"—"Mary" and "Elizabeth", the "Empresses"—"Britain" and "India", the "Aquitania", "Mauretania" and others—those giant ocean liners, have arrived, although not actually at the Quay. Speed and size, comfort and safety... these qualities have been, over the years, evidenced in greater and greater form in our sea-going transport.

It should never be forgotten that the man who gave us our Quay was our first Governor— Captain Phillip—and also that to him and that band of determined men who pioneered our colony, we owe the waterfront which graces and serves our beautiful harbour—Circular Quay—the maritime heart of the commercial life of Sudney. Sydney.



Robert Campbell.

THE RUBAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES